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WORLD HISTORY

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IN

MYTH AND LEGEND

BY

MARA L. PRATT CHADWICK

Author of "American History Stories," "People and Places Here and There," Etc., Etc.

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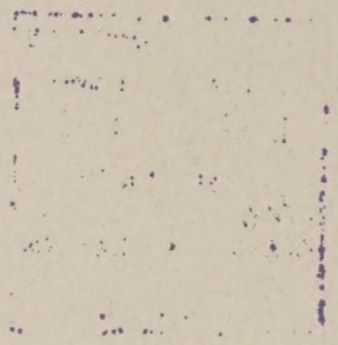

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WORLD HISTORY

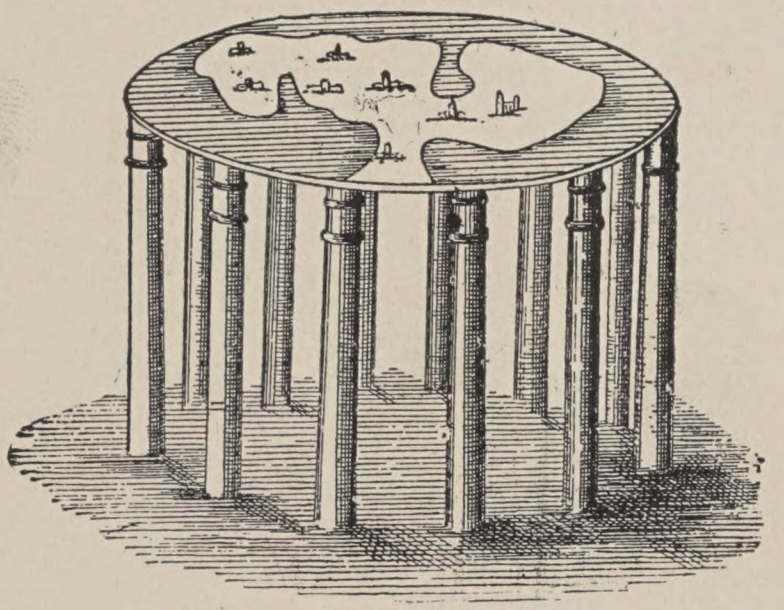
In Myth and Legend.

THE STORY OF THE CREATION.

It was long, long ago that this great, round, beautiful world of ours was made.

First, so we are told, it was a great molten mass of fire. It revolved round and round in space, just as it does to-day, and by and by a crust formed on the outside. This crust went on thickening for thousands and thousands of years. Then it grew cool, and plants and grasses and trees came to live upon this round globe which we call our earth.

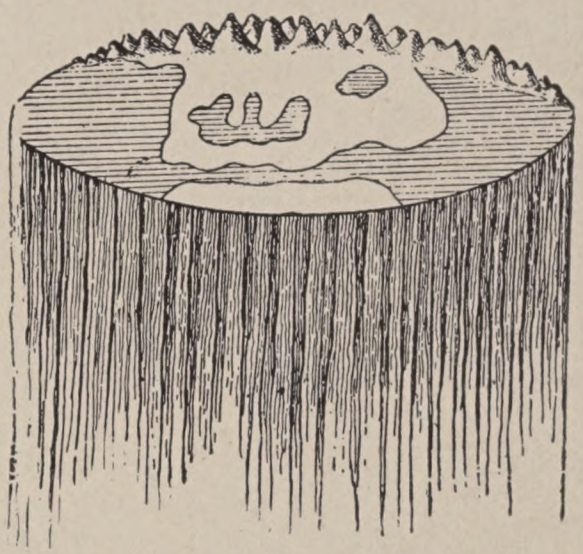
In the early days people did not know the true shape of the earth as we do now. Some people thought the earth must be made like a table, upheld by columns. "It must be upheld by something," they said: "else it would fall."



The above picture shows the earth as these people supposed it to be.

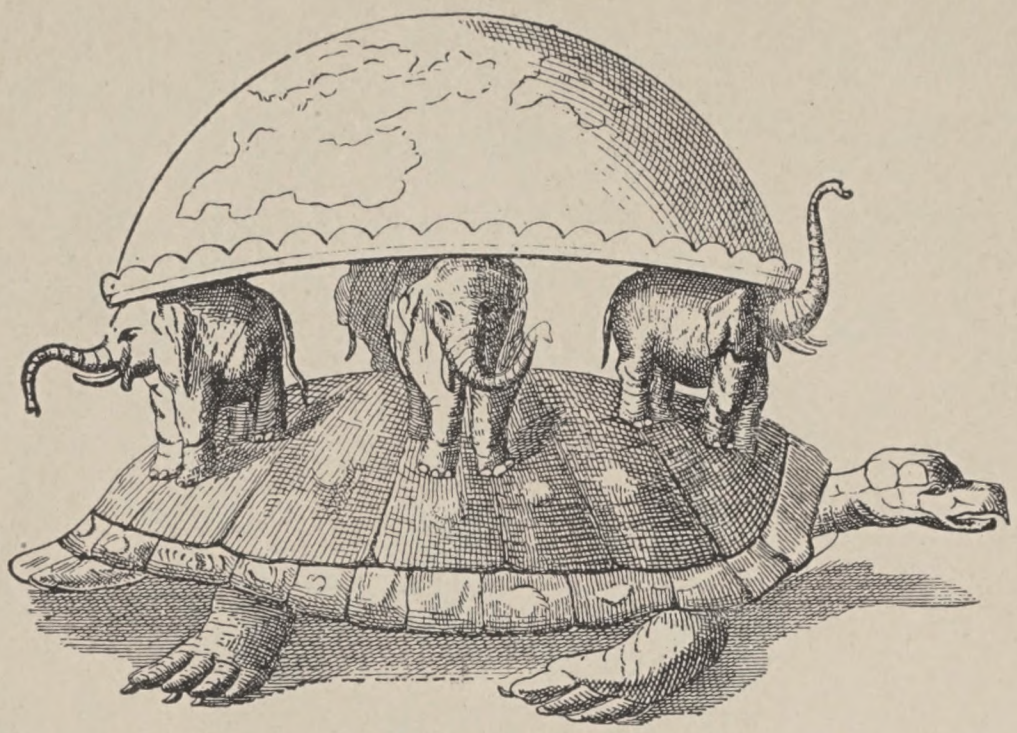
Others thought the earth must be a flat disc. They thought that it floated upon the waters, somewhat as a lily pad floats upon the

waters of the pond. This disc, they believed, had long roots reaching down into the waters, and these roots helped to keep the earth steady and in place. This is a picture of the earth with its roots: —



THE EARTH WITH ROOTS.

There were still other early people who taught that the earth was a big hemisphere resting upon the backs of elephants. These elephants stood upon the back of a huge tortoise. On the next page is a picture of the world as these men imagined it.



HINDOO EARTH.

There were other people who believed that the earth was a great cube. And others still, taught that it was a great mountain so surrounded by water that people could live only on the top of it.

But all these ideas we now know were not true. The earth is a great round ball whirling round and round through space.

After the crust of the earth had cooled and hardened, and thousands and thousands of

years had passed by, we know that animals came to live in the forests. Fishes swam in the seas: and birds flew hither and thither among the branches of the trees.

Thousands of years again passed. Then, last of all, people came to live upon the earth — real men and women — much like those who live on the earth to-day.

But these first people were, of course, very ignorant. At first they lived in trees and caves, or wandered up and down the plains like the animals.

They knew nothing of how the world came to be; they knew nothing of the sun and stars and winds and tides. The coming and going of the seasons was a constant surprise to them, and they often wondered and wondered how there came to be any earth or any people at all.

Thousands of years again passed, and, by and by, these people learned to build homes for themselves.

When there were a great many people on the earth they began to live in groups; and each group, as it grew larger, called itself a nation.

Later, the people learned to build cities, and each nation had a government. Still the people wondered about the trees and the flowers, the winds and tides, the changes of seasons, the stars, the sun and the clouds.

Most of all they wondered how the earth and its people ever came to be. And so it came about that each nation built up for itself a different story of the Creation. This story was told over and over to their children as they grew up, and these children told it over and over again to their children. So, by

and by, the people of each nation came to believe the story which had been told to them.

You all know the story of the Creation told us in the Bible. Let us read it once more. Then we will read the stories the Greeks told to the Greek children, and the Norse people told to their children.

ADAM AND EVE. *(Raphael.)*

CREATION OF THE SUN AND MOON.

BIBLE STORY OF THE CREATION.

Many, many years ago there was no earth. There were no plants, no animals; no sun, no moon. Neither were there any people. All was darkness.

Then God looked into the darkness and said, "Let there be light." And light came. And out of the new light, God created the blue sky, the deep sea, the beautiful grass-

covered earth, the plants, the trees, and the many-colored flowers.

In the blue sky he placed the golden sun, the silver moon, and the stars that shine like jewels in the sky.

In the water, he placed the fishes; on the earth, the animals; and in the tree-tops, the birds sang praises.

"This shall be a home for man," the Creator said. And so, one morning, there woke to life in the Garden of Eden a man and woman — beautiful and good and pure.

To the animals God had given strength and speed, and fur for protection from the wind and rain. To the birds he had given plumage, brilliant and warm. To the fishes, fins and scales.

Then man came. To him was given reason, and power to grow in wisdom. For by these,

he was able to protect himself and to gain control over the earth — the fishes, the birds, and the animals.

Then God blessed everything he had made; for he loved the earth and the people that were upon it.

"Of every tree in the garden ye may eat," He said to Adam and Eve, "except of the tree of Knowledge-of-Good-and-Evil. Of that, eat not, lest ye die."

When Adam and Eve looked out upon this beautiful world; when they saw the flowers and the grasses; when they heard the splashing of the sun-lit waters, and the rustling of the soft branches, their hearts were filled with love for each other. They loved their home, too, and the All-Father who had made all this joy for them.

For a long time they wandered up and

down this garden of Eden, singing songs. They listened always to the voice of God, for he spoke to them in the soft winds that played among the tree tops.

Now, there was a wicked angel, named Satan. He had been cast out from heaven, down, down, from the blue sky. In his own unhappy home he dwelt now, alone, wretched, and revengeful. When he saw this happy man and woman, so good and pure, his cruel face grew black. "Such happiness shall not last," he said. So he crept into the garden, took on the form of a serpent, and spoke to Eve.

"Eat of the fruit of the tree of Good-and-Evil," he said, "and give it to Adam that he may eat, too."

"But we are forbidden," Eve said.

"The fruit is better than the fruit of all

other trees. Eat; ye shall not die," the serpent answered.

Then Eve gathered the fruit and ate of it. It was sweet, even as the serpent had said. Then she gathered more, and Adam, too, ate of it.

Then darkness fell upon the earth. A great wind arose, the thunder rolled, and God drove Adam and Eve out from the Garden of Eden. At the entrance he placed angels with flaming swords; so that Adam and Eve might never return to their beautiful home.

And so Adam and Eve went out into the world to work, and to struggle, and to build new homes for themselves.

By and by, two baby boys were born to them — Cain and Abel. These children should have been pure and kind and good, but, alas! they were born into a world of sin, and they, too, were sinful.

When these children were grown, Cain hated his brother. He grew sullen and revengeful towards him and the serpent now tempted him. He listened; and one day, when they were at work together in the field, Cain slew Abel and hid him in the earth.

Then a great storm cloud swept across the sky; and a voice said, "Cain, where is thy brother?"

Cain trembled with fear, for he knew it was the voice of God. But he raised his wicked face towards the heavens and cried, "Why should I know? Am I my brother's keeper?"

And the voice said, "Thou art thy brother's keeper."

Then God put a brand upon the brow of Cain, and drove him forth into the wilderness.

THE FLOOD.

Many, many years after Adam and Eve were driven from the garden of Eden, a great flood came.

There were thousands of people in the world now, and they were scattered here and there through the fertile valleys and along the rivers.

There were rich farms everywhere, and shepherds watched their flocks on the hillsides. There were towns and cities; and in many of them, people dwelt together as people do now.

But during all these years, the people had grown more and more away from simple, honest living. They had become selfish and greedy. They were cruel, and they cared nothing for the rights and comforts of each other.

More than all this, they had forsaken the simple faith in the All-Father, and had become worshippers of idols.

There was, however, one good man dwelling among these people, whose name was Noah.

Although God meant to send a flood that should destroy the cities, and separate the people, still it was not his wish that the race should perish wholly. And so God went down upon the earth, and said to this good man, "Build thou an ark, and into it bring all thy family. Bring also two of every kind of bird and beast and animal. For a great flood shall come upon the earth, and only those in the ark shall be saved."

Noah was a simple-hearted man, and it seemed a strange thing that he should be told to build an ark.

But he told the people what God had said

to him; and he urged them to do likewise. Of course the people only laughed at him, and called him a fool; but Noah doubted not the word of God. So he set to work at once, and his three sons, Ham, Shem, and Japheth, helped him. Together they built the ark, and gathered together the birds and beasts and animals of the earth.

Every morning the four men set out as soon as the sun had risen, and kept at their work till darkness fell.

At last the ark was finished, and Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives, journeyed to the mountain side. The people in the valley laughed at them and threw stones at them. But the trustful little band kept on their way and entered the ark, taking with them, as they had been told, two of every kind of bird and beast.

THE DELUGE.

Then clouds began to gather in the south — great black clouds. The wind rose and the clouds scattered over the whole sky. So black and thick were they that the light of the sun was shut out, and it was like night.

Then the rain fell. It fell in great sheets, like rivers. It poured upon the valleys. The thunders rolled, the lightnings flashed, and the rivers overflowed their banks. The winds howled and great trees were torn up by their roots.

For forty days this storm continued — for forty days and forty nights. Every living thing upon the face of the earth was drowned. But the ark was borne up by the waters in safety. At last, one morning, when Noah and his people awoke, they saw that the storm had ceased; the clouds were separating, and the sun was sending its rays down through the mist.

Then came the beautiful rainbow, spanning

the heavens in the west, and reflecting its wonderful colors in the great sea below.

Never was rainbow so beautiful. Then the voice of God spoke from out the skies to Noah: "This shall be to you a bow of promise. Never again shall the earth and the people be destroyed by water."

But nowhere, as far as the eye could reach, was there any sign of land. Noah could see only the mountain peak with the ark upon it, standing out above the water.

Noah first sent out a raven, and it returned not. Then he sent out a dove. The dove came back after a long, long flight across the waters, but fell fluttering at Noah's feet.

Seven days went by. Then Noah again sent out a dove; and this time it returned with an olive leaf. Noah knew now that the waters were growing less and that he might

lift the covers of the ark and step out upon the mountain top.

Then Noah and his family went forth, together with all the creatures that had gone into the ark with them.

And so thankful was Noah, that he built a great altar, and ever after he and his family offered sacrifices to God.

The Tower of Babel.

In time children were born to Ham and Shem and Japheth. And when these children became men and women, children were born to them. So that after many, many years, the valley was again filled with people — all descendants from Noah and his three sons. But there came a time, long, long after, when the people again grew wicked and selfish.

G. DORÉ

They even grew so bold as to boast of their power, and say among themselves, "We will build a tower that shall reach to heaven. Then who in heaven or earth shall be greater than we?"

Now, God was angry that these people had so forgotten the God of their fathers. He was angry that the trustful, humble spirit of Noah had departed from them.

And so, while the people were at work upon the tower, and it had already risen above the trees and hill-tops, God touched them. And, behold, from that instant, each man spoke a language of his own. Nor could any man understand the language of another. Confusion followed; and the building of the tower was forsaken. The people scattered up and down the world — and from that time there was no longer one language and one people.

THE GREEK STORY OF THE CREATION OF MAN.

Such was the account of the Creation as told by the people of the East. Let us read now the story as the Greeks told it to their children.

When the earth was finished the All-Father — Zeus — told Prometheus and Epimetheus to fill the waters with fish, and the forests with birds and animals. But on the plains a Man should be born, and he should be greater than any fish or any animal.

Everything was done as the All-Father commanded. Then, that all might live and multiply on the face of the earth, the two brothers gave various gifts to the different

Zeus (zūs), Greek; called by the Romans Jupiter (jö'pit-er).

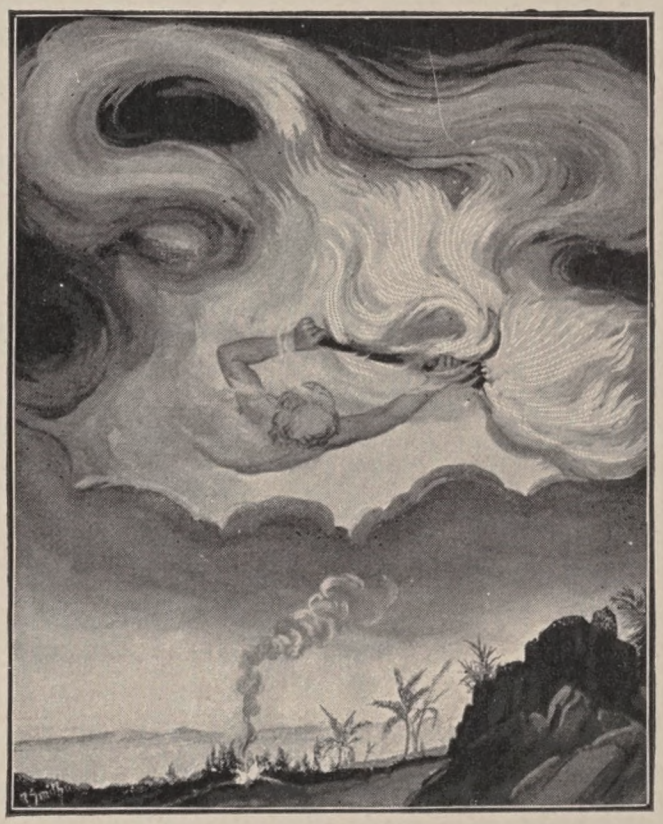
Prometheus (prō-mē'thūs). Epimetheus (ep-i-mē'thūs)

animals: To one they gave strength, to another speed, to another fins, to another claws, to another wings, and to another a shell-like covering. These gifts were to help the birds and fishes and animals to provide for their own wants, and to protect themselves from their foes.

But, alas! when the Man was made, there was no gift left for him. Everything had been given to the birds and fishes and animals. There he stood, with neither wings nor fins, neither had he speed above many an animal of the forest.

"What shall be done for him?" asked Prometheus. "He is less protected than any bird or fish or animal. He has neither fins nor wings, fur nor feathers, neither great strength nor speed. I fear he will be slain by the larger animals that are now browsing on the plains."

For a long time Prometheus and Epimetheus pondered. They were sad at heart, for they loved the earth and all its creatures, and had meant to give each his share of gifts.



At last the Goddess of Wisdom spoke and said: "Bring down fire from the sun, and teach the Man its use and power. With this you will

give him strength to overcome even the strongest beasts of the forests."

"It is well," said Prometheus. "Though it destroy me, I will bring fire to these hapless people," and away he sped upon his errand. It was a perilous task, but Prometheus was brave.

From the chariot of the sun, it is said, he lighted a torch, and then slowly and carefully came down to earth with the fire which he had stolen. Then Prometheus and his brother taught the Man its use and its power.

This was, no doubt, the greatest gift the gods could give him. It gave him mastery over all. With the fire, the wild beasts were kept at bay; with it, irons for weapons were made, food was cooked, and the rude hut was made warm and comfortable when the biting cold came upon the plains.

PANDORA.

THE FIRST WOMAN.

THE STORY OF PANDORA.

Every day, the man grew wiser and more powerful. But, after all, he was lonesome. For he lived on the earth alone, and had nothing to do but to fight the wild beasts that roamed up and down.

Pandora (pan-dō′rä).

And Zeus in the heavens looked down from his home on Mt. Olympus and pitied man. "After all, he has so little to make him really happy," he said.

"He has no love in his heart," said one god, sadly.

"He does not know the meaning of gentleness," said another.

"He knows no heroism except that of brute strength against a foe," said another.

"He thinks only of self," said another.

"There is," said Zeus, "but one way to lift his thoughts, and arouse in his heart tenderness and true heroism. We must give him something to love, something to protect. Even the brutes of the forest have their young, and so are happier than man."

Then spoke the wise Athene. "Let us send down to earth a woman. She shall sweeten

Athene (a-thē'nē), Greek; called by the Romans Minerva (mi-ner'vä).

his nature. In his sleeping heart there shall spring up thoughts that shall make him gentle and brave and true."

To this great Zeus bowed assent. The gods set themselves to work. Each god and goddess strove to give some glorious gift to this woman who was to go down upon the earth to live.

One gave her a tender, loving heart, that could not be cruel even to a worm of the earth. Another gave her a beautiful form, and eyes in which the light of the Sun God Apollo always shone. One gave her a love of music and beauty. Another gave her a love of home and of little children.

At last this perfect woman, this beautiful Pandora, was brought before Zeus. His stern face grew tender as he looked upon her; and, rising from his golden throne, he placed his

hand upon her shining head. And at once there was added unto her beauty and gentleness, a love for all that was pure and high.

Now Iris — the messenger of the gods — spread her beautiful rainbow arch across the sky; and hand in hand with the loving-hearted Pandora, she passed down the shining bridge to the abode of man.

And when Pandora stood before Prometheus and the man he had made, there fell a hush upon the man's war-like spirit. There sprang up in his heart a tenderness, and love, and desire always to protect the weak. And henceforth man rose higher and higher; a being above the beasts of the forests, growing more and more like the good All-Father Zeus, who so loved the people of the earth.

Iris (ī'ris)

THE FLOOD.

THE STORY OF DEUCALION AND PYRRHA.

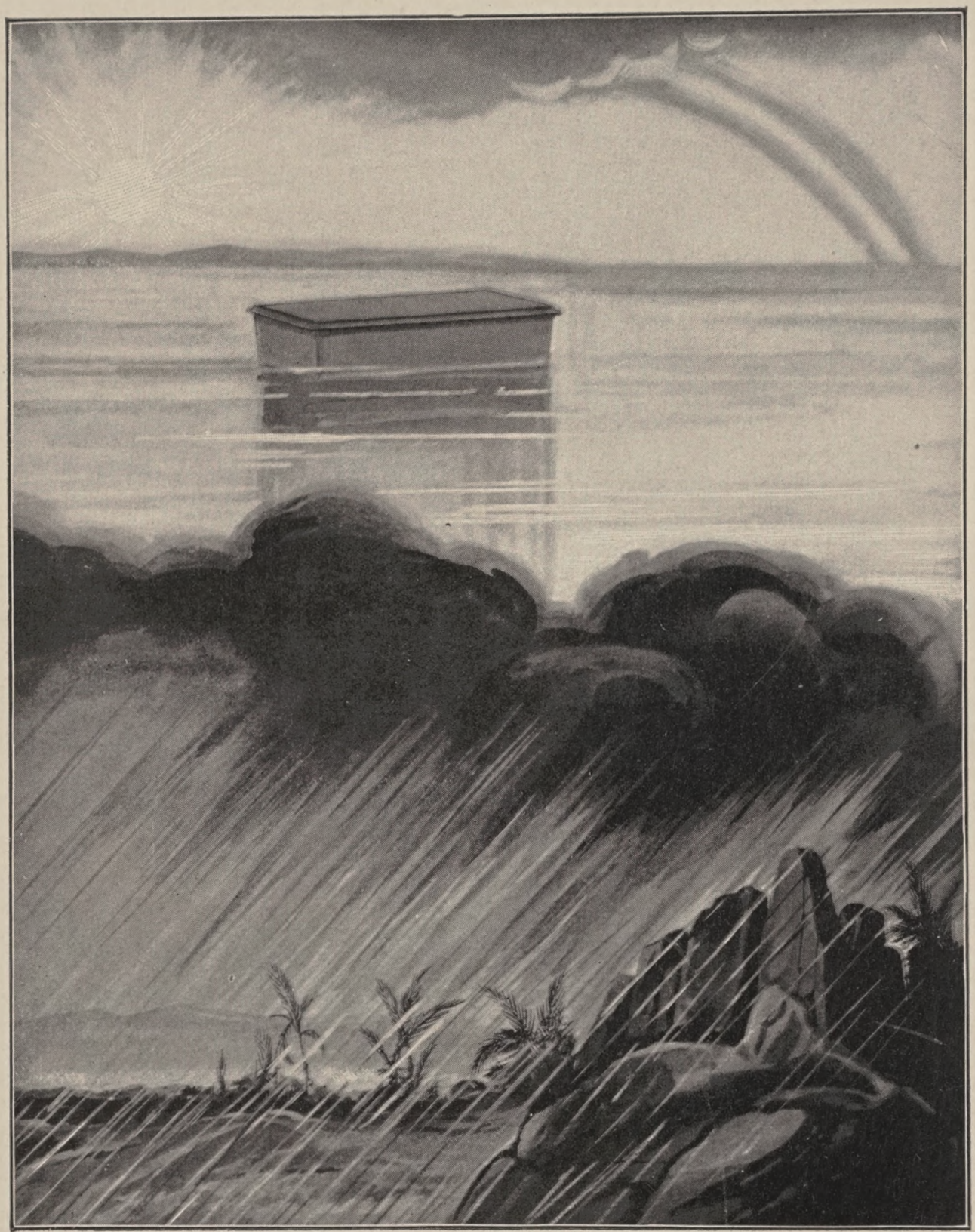
These Greeks had also a story of a great flood which nearly destroyed the people.

After many years there came a great flood upon the earth. For days and days and days the rains poured down, until at last every man and woman in all the earth was drowned—all except Deucalion and his good wife, Pyrrha. These two alone were saved in a wooden chest, which floated on the waters for nine days, when at last the rains ceased.

Zeus spread a beautiful rainbow arch in the sky. The Sun God smiled through the clouds, and the waters began to go away.

When at last the waters of the sea were quiet and the rivers were flowing peacefully

Deucalion (dū-kā′li-on). Pyrrha (pir′a).



along between their sunny banks, Deucalion and Pyrrha stepped out upon dry land and walked in the fresh green valleys.

The brooks laughed in glee, and ran and bubbled to see them once again; the flowers looked up and nodded gladly; and the great trees spread out their branches to protect them from the too fierce heat of the sun.

"The earth is beautiful," said Pyrrha.

"Very beautiful," answered Deucalion, "but I am wondering why we two were spared to dwell here in all this beauty."

"Let us go to a temple of Zeus, and ask what we ought to do," said Pyrrha.

So for two whole days and two whole nights they journeyed eastward, seeking a temple of Zeus. Many ruins they passed, but at the end of the second day they came to a great white marble temple whose altar had not

been washed away even by the great flood of waters.

Here they knelt and prayed, and at night, when they had fallen asleep, a message came to them. These were the words they heard: "Go up the mountain side. Veil your faces, but as you go, throw behind you, down into the valley below, every rock and stone that lies in your pathway. Rest in the mountain for a night; then, at dawn, go down again into the valley. There you will find work awaiting you."

This seemed a strange message; but the good Deucalion and Pyrrha were ready to obey every command of the gods.

All day long they toiled up the mountain side, rolling down the stones as they had been told.

At night they rested; and in the morning they hastened into the valley below.

What a wonder met their gaze! There in the valley, at the foot of the mountain, stood men and women, and little children — hundreds of them. For behold, the rocks and stones which Deucalion and Pyrrha had rolled down the mountain side had changed into people. There they stood, waiting for Deucalion and Pyrrha to teach them and guide them until they should themselves become wise.

"These people," said the kind Pyrrha, "shall be our care."

"Yes," answered the true-hearted Deucalion;

"and we will teach them to be noble-hearted men and women. They shall be kind one to the other, and the strong shall learn that it is heroic to protect the weak."

Then Deucalion taught the men to plant and gather the harvests. He taught them to fell the trees, and to make houses for their shelter. He taught them to hunt and fish, and to cook their game. And Pyrrha taught the women to care for their homes, to spin and weave; and to bring up their children to be noble men and women.

Very happy were these people; for they strove in everything to be like Deucalion and Pyrrha, who were so good and kind and helpful. Then there was joy in the heavens. The gods looked down and smiled upon the valley, and promised to protect these innocent people and to keep their hearts from evil.

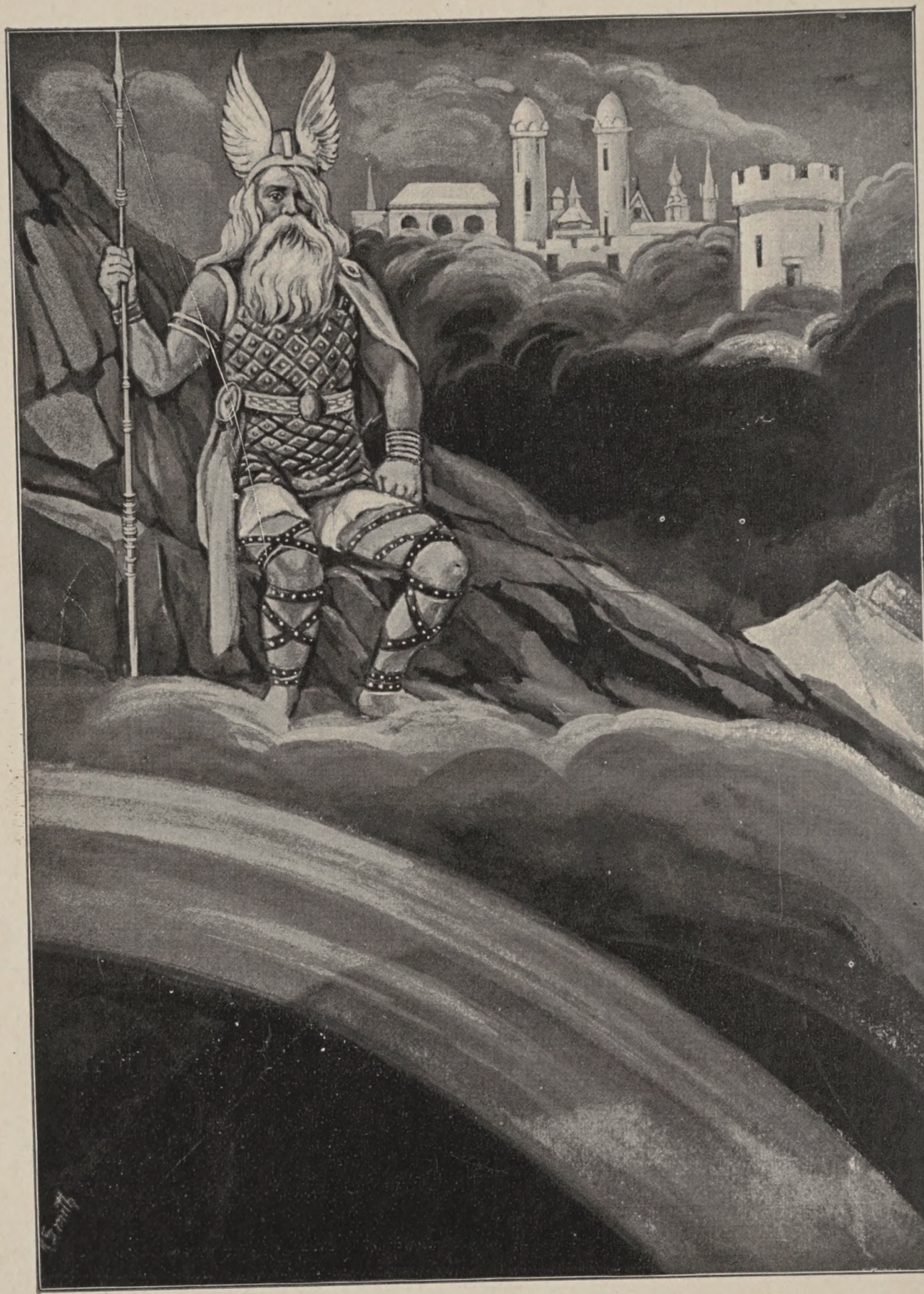
THE NORSE STORY OF THE CREATION OF MAN.

It was the Greek people — people who lived in the southern part of Europe — who believed that the earth was peopled in the way which you have just read. But up in the cold northern part of Europe there lived another race of men — the Norse people — and their wise men had told them a very different story of the creation of the earth and its people.

Like the Greeks, the Norse people believed that in the heavens, on the top of a great mountain, lived the All-Father. The Norse, however, named the All-Father Odin, and his home they named Asgard.

Now, Asgard was a beautiful city, shining

Odin (ō′din), or, Anglo-Saxon, Woden — Wodensday=Wednesday.
Asgard (as′gärd).



ODIN

always in the sunlight. And from its golden gateway stretched Odin's beautiful rainbow bridge with its wonderful bars of red and yellow and blue, orange, green, indigo, and purple.

One day the good Odin came down the rainbow bridge and walked in the fresh green valleys of the new-made earth.

It was a beautiful earth that lay stretched out at the foot of the rainbow bridge. The fields were rich with grain and the trees were loaded with fruits. The sun shone warm and bright; but there were no harvesters, no gatherers of the fruit, no children to run and frolic in the sunshine.

"The earth is beautiful," said Odin to himself, as he looked upon the golden fields of grain. "There should be people here; people who can love and enjoy this beautiful land,

and whose children will fill the earth with their happy voices."

As Odin passed beneath the trees, he saw standing side by side a straight, strong Ash tree, and a gentle, graceful Elm.

"From these two trees," said Odin to himself, "will I create the Earth people. The man I will name Ask, and the woman Embla. It is a beautiful, sunny world, and they ought to be very happy in it. How their children will delight in the broad fields and the sunny slopes! And no harm shall come to them; for I, the All-Father, will watch over them in all the ages to come."

Then Odin touched the ash tree with his golden rod, and lo! a strong, brave man sprang forth. Then he touched the elm tree; and lo! a beautiful, graceful woman sprang forth. Odin smiled upon these new Earth

Embla (em'blä).

people and promised to watch over them forever.

For long, long years, Odin did watch over his people and kept them from all harm.

But alas, this happy age at last came to a cruel end. A terrible darkness fell upon everything — upon the Earth and upon the Heavens. Then sorrows came to the Earth people — cold and hunger and sickness, for Odin could no longer watch over them.

This is the sad story of how this beautiful age came to an end: —

Long, long before, the cruel Norns, or Fates, as the Greeks would have called them, said to Odin, "The day shall come when the Sun God Baldur, the bringer of the summer time, shall die. Then great darkness shall fall upon Asgard and even the gods shall die."

Ages upon ages had now rolled away, and

Odin knew that the time was drawing near when Baldur must die.

"Odin," said the Goddess Frigg one day, "what grieves thee? What weighs thee down and puts such sadness into thine eyes and heart?"

"Ask Baldur. He shall tell you all," answered Odin sadly.

Then Baldur seated himself in the midst of the gods and said, "Long ago, Odin learned the secrets of the past and of the future. Long ago he learned that the time would come when the light must go out from the Sun God's eyes, and he must descend into the dark valley never to return. Now that time draws near. Soon will Baldur go, and with him must go the light and warmth he has always been so glad to bring."

Baldur (bâl'dör).

"O Baldur! Baldur! Baldur! My child! my child!" cried Frigg. "This shall not be! I will go down to the earth world. I will go up and down the valleys, and every rock and tree and plant shall pledge itself to do no harm to thee."

"Dear mother," sighed Baldur, "you cannot change our fate. From the beginning of time it was foretold that one day the light should go out from the heavens and there should be only twilight and coldness upon earth."

But the mother heart of Frigg would not accept Baldur's word. And when the sun's first rays shot up above the far-off hills, she stole forth from Asgard down the rainbow bridge.

To every lake and river and sea she hurried, and said, "Promise me, O waters, that you will never cause Baldur's light to fail."

"We promise," the waters answered.

Then Frigg hurried to the metals. "Promise me, O metals, that you will never cause Baldur's light to fail."

"We promise," answered the metals.

Then Frigg hurried to the minerals. "Promise me, O minerals," she said, "that you will never cause Baldur's light to fail."

"We promise," answered the minerals.

Then Frigg hurried on to the fire, the earth, the stones, the trees, the shrubs, the grasses, the birds, the beasts, the reptiles. Of each she asked the same earnest, anxious question; and from each she received the same kind, honest answer.

Then Frigg was radiant and happy. Her eyes were bright, and her heart was alive with hope. She sped up the rainbow bridge, and hurried into the great hall to Odin and Baldur.

"Be happy again, O Odin! Be happy again, O Baldur! No sorrow can come to us from anything in the earth or under the earth. For every tree has promised me; and every rock and every metal; every animal and every bird. Even the waters and the fire have promised that harm shall never come through them to Baldur."

But alas for poor Frigg! She had overlooked one little weed—a wee little weed—hidden behind a rock. Loki, Baldur's evil brother, however, had noticed this oversight of Frigg's. His wicked face shone with glee, and his eyes gleamed. He hurried away to the home of the Frost Giants to tell them of the little weed.

The ages rolled on. Every one in Asgard, except Odin, had long ago thrown off the fear of Baldur's death. "No harm can come

Loki (lō'kē).

to Baldur," they would say, and all except Odin believed it.

One day in the great garden of the gods, Baldur and two of his brothers were playing at tests of strength. Behind Baldur, invisible, stood Loki. In his hand he held a spear.

"Take this spear," said Loki to one of the brothers. "It is less clumsy than those you throw."

The brother took it, never thinking of any harm. Alas for Baldur and Asgard and all the happy, smiling earth! It was a spear tipped with the mistletoe—the one plant that Frigg had failed to find;—the one plant that had not promised to do no harm to Baldur.

Quickly the spear flew through the air, and Baldur, the Summer Spirit, Baldur the Light of the Earth, fell—dead.

"O Asgard!" groaned Odin. "O Asgard! Asgard! Baldur is dead!"

Then the gods, one and all, stood pale and white. A terrible fear settled over their faces, and they shook with terror.

Already a twilight dimness began to fall lightly, lightly, over all. The shining pavements grew less bright; the blue of the great arch overhead deepened; and in the valleys of the earth there were long black shadows. Baldur was dead. His light had failed. The Golden Age was at an end. The Ice Age had come; and now, even the gods must die.

R Smith

THE COMING OF THE SUNLIGHT.

THE STORY OF APOLLO AND LETO.

These early people, as we now know, had very little true knowledge of the sun and moon and stars; of the sea and the winds and the storms. Indeed, they knew as little of these as they did of the Creation.

To them it was all very, very wonderful, and they thought out wonderful stories to account for what they saw on the earth and in the skies above them.

They knew that when the sun shone, the green grass sprang up; the flowers came; the

trees were loaded with fruit, and food was plentiful.

So they began to say to each other, "The sun is our Good Spirit, the Loving One who watches over us and takes care of us."

And so it came about that, by and by, these early people became sun worshippers; they prayed and offered sacrifices to the sun; and after a long time there grew up many stories of the sun.

Here is a story of the Sun God as the early Greek people used to tell it to their little boys and girls:—

Once there was only darkness upon the earth. Then a beautiful woman, Leto, came wandering up and down the dark earth, carrying in her arms a beautiful, sunny-haired baby boy.

"Let us dwell here in your land," said Leto

Leto (lē′to), Greek; called by the Romans Latona (lā tō′nä)

to the people. "Let me rest here upon your hillsides. Behold, I bring the light of day to you," she pleaded. "I will bring you power and wealth and rich harvests and beautiful flowers, for the Sun God shall abide in the land which gives me shelter."

"We know," said the king of Crete, "that all these things are promised wherever the Sun God shall dwell; but we are afraid of you; we fear your dark and terrible beauty."

"We know that such a god is promised," said also the king of Athens; "and gladly would our people welcome him. But how are we to know that you are the mother of this radiant god? No, Leto, we dare not open our gates to you. Go hence; we await the coming of Apollo."

And so from land to land Leto wandered, till at last she came to the island of Delos.

Apollo (a-pol′ō) Delos (dē′los)

It was but a barren little island in the midst of a great blue sea. Its shores were rocky; its fields were bare; its mountains black and grim and wild.

And in the island dwelt a king whose people were poor and ignorant. He had neither wealth nor power; and scarcely was the name of this king known among the people of the lands that bound the sea.

"Delos, Delos," cried Leto, when she came to this rocky shore, "listen to the voice of Leto. Give me welcome and I will bring glory and great wealth and power to your people. The island of Delos shall be a temple; and to its altars people from all nations shall come, bringing their offerings. Welcome me, and my child, the Sun God, Apollo, will love you and will abide forever in your land."

Then said the king of Delos, "Leto, it cannot be that the Apollo would care to dwell upon our barren island. Little have we to offer this glorious child of thine; for we have but a rocky soil. The mountains are black and rough. Our people are fierce. They know little of the wealth and glory of other lands. A weary home would this be for a child like the fair Apollo."

"O king of Delos! can you not believe that the promise I make shall be fulfilled?" said Leto.

Then the good king said, "Even though the child shall not remain in this land of Delos; and even though this island has little to offer either to gods or men, let it not be said that we failed to welcome any stranger who came to our shores. Enter, Leto, and rest in Delos."

Then Leto entered. The darkness grew deeper and deeper upon the island and there was stillness even upon the seas. The king and all his people slept, but happy dreams, however, came to them; dreams of glory and power; dreams of beauty and greatness; dreams of light and of a splendor which the earth had never known.

By and by the king awoke. Upon the mountain tops he saw a new, strange light and brightness shining behind the great, dark pillars of rock. Gradually the light grew brighter. And behold, there upon the mountain top stood Apollo, the Sun God, his hair shining like gold in the fresh new light of day.

He smiled down upon the plain, and the plain blossomed into color. Grains grew and waved their happy blossoms in the wind;

flowers sprang forth — flowers of richest color and sweetest odors.

For Apollo, the Sun God, had come! He had made his home in Delos; and there was joy in the island from shore to shore.

NIOBE

THE CLOUDS.

THE STORY OF NIOBE.

These early Greek people loved to look at the beautiful pink clouds that stretched across the sky. They called them the children of Niobe. They noticed that when the daylight came, these clouds lost their beauty and soon disappeared from sight. So this is the story they told of why the pink clouds disappeared when the Sun God rose:—

One morning, just as Apollo was climbing up the mountain side, Niobe called to the people of Delos to raise their eyes to the eastern sky. "See! see!" she cried, "see my beautiful cloud children! Even Apollo in his golden chariot does not look so fair as these sons and daughters of mine!"

Niobe (nī′ō-bē)

Hearing this, the face of Leto darkened. A deep shadow fell upon the island of Delos. Even Apollo's light grew pale. The people rushed forth from their caves to ask what had happened to the morning light.

"Apollo, Apollo, my son," said Leto, "thy arrows are never failing. They bring warmth and light. They also bring fire and heat and destruction. Above the hill-tops the sons and daughters of the boastful Niobe lie fast asleep. It is thine own light that has flushed their beautiful faces and made their golden robes so soft and radiant. But Niobe boasts of this beauty before the people of the earth. She says that they are more beautiful than Apollo himself."

"This must not be," said Apollo. "To me alone, do the earth and sky owe their beauty. Indeed the people must not turn away from me."

So then Apollo climbed high upon the mountain top. Paler and paler grew the clouds. Very, very still they lay; for Apollo had sent his never failing arrows straight into their hearts. Paler and paler, thinner and thinner they grew, till now there lay across the eastern sky only a film of mist, to show where the radiant sons and daughters of Niobe had played together.

But Niobe, poor Niobe! She sank down upon the mountain top, and the tears streamed down her pale cheeks. Not one word did she say, for Apollo was already far away on his journey across the sky.

Her tears flowed on and on, until a sparkling fountain burst forth from a cleft in the great rocks below. Colder and colder grew the sad mother heart within her. But at last, in tender pity, Apollo changed her to stone.

She sat there all day long, still and lifeless, her face turned toward the eastern sky where her beautiful children once had played together.

"See, it is the Mother Niobe," the people said. And when evening came, and the shepherds lay upon the hillsides looking up at the mountain they said, "See, she is like stone."

And never, in all the days that followed, did she move from her mountain top. As the years rolled on, mosses gathered over her, and trees sprang up around her feet.

Then the people taught their children, and their children in turn taught children of their own, to look up to the Mother Niobe and say, "Behold the punishment that fell upon her children because she worshipped not Apollo, the God of Light."

THE DROUGHT.

THE STORY OF PHAETHON.

These southern people knew that, although Apollo brought great joy to the earth, he could sometimes bring great sorrow. They knew that sometimes his warmth scorched the grasses and the grains and withered the flowers. They knew that he could also dry the lakes and the rivers, and that the people died for want of water.

This is the story they used to tell, when one of these great droughts came:—

In all the earth, Apollo saw no child so beautiful, so strong, so wise as Phaethon. Phaethon was his own boy, and he dwelt with his mother on the eastern hills.

Phaethon (fā′e-thon)

Phaethon heard his proud father often say that there was no child on earth to compare with him. So, by and by, he became eager to show the children of the earth how great a hero he was.

One morning Phaethon stood before his father Apollo, and said, "O my father, let me prove to the earth that I am thy child. Grant me permission to share with thee the glorious task of guiding the chariot of the sun. I am brave and strong, as a son of thine should be, and I am eager to show the earth people that Phaethon is worthy of his noble father."

Apollo looked down upon his brave son and said, " Phaethon, thy father and all the gods rejoice that thy heart longeth for deeds of greatness. But thou art not yet strong enough to guide the fiery horses that bear my chariot

across the sky. Greatly do I fear that the horses would not obey thee."

Phaethon, however, heeded not the words of Apollo. He seized the reins, and lashed the fiery steeds. He flew so rapidly above the mountain top that the gentle dawn had hardly time to spread her faint light across the east.

"A sudden sunrise," said the earth-people who tended their flocks through the night upon the hillsides.

Soon the horses were speeding furiously across the sky. Phaethon called to them, and tried to rein them in; but they dashed onward with greater speed. Phaethon, trembled with terror, and lost his grasp upon them. So frightened was he that he could only cling to the chariot sides and await whatever fate might be in store for him.

Down, near to the earth the horses plunged,

and the chariot wheels scorched the trees and grasses. They set fire to the broad fields and hill-sides. The waters in the lakes and rivers dried up in the mighty heat. The flowers wilted, and the rich harvests of grain and fruit were burned.

Then Zeus pitied the suffering earth. So he bade the clouds pour forth their soft rain upon the fainting grain and withering fruit.

But alas! even the clouds had fled in fright before the wild chariot. Neither would they come until they heard the call of Zeus' own thunderbolts.

Then the mighty thunders rolled in the sky. In the west, quick lightning flashed, for Zeus had sent forth his mightiest bolts.

The Wind God, too, gave help. The wind shrieked; the great trees rocked; and at last

the clouds came scurrying up from behind the hills.

The shepherds, who lay fainting upon the hillsides, looked up. Courage came to them, for the thunderbolts of Zeus never failed to bring fresh life and strength to the people.

And now a great cloud covered the golden chariot. The horses struggled on; but poor Phaethon was struck with one of Zeus' dread thunderbolts. Down, down through the air he fell, upon the earth where he had wrought such ruin.

DEMETER ENTHRONED (PAINTING FROM POMPEII, NAPLES.)

THE SEASONS.

THE STORY OF PERSEPHONE.

To these people who lived so long ago, the change of seasons was also a constant wonder. Had you been a Greek child in those early times, this is the story your parents would have told you when you asked what brought the warm summer time:—

Many, many years ago, a happy child, named Persephone, used to wander up and down the country. All day long she gathered flowers and grasses, and sang her sweet songs to the birds and bees.

The trees bent softly over her, and the grasses and flowers looked up at her in joy.

Persephone (per-sef′ō-nē), Greek; called by the Romans Proserpine (pros′er-pin)

Everybody loved the child; for her coming meant always warmth and beauty throughout the land.

The earth people also loved Demeter, the mother of sweet Persephone. With Demeter came the fruit, the harvest and the ripe grains.

All day long Persephone played alone among the flowers. Demeter, however, had work to do in every land where there were earth people.

But Persephone was not afraid; neither was she lonely. Every flower was dear to her and every grass and grain nodded her a welcome. She was indeed the Queen of the Flowers. The great trees, too, loved her. They protected her and made deep shade for her when she grew tired and fell asleep.

The king of the under-world also loved Persephone, and it happened that one day, as she

Demeter (de-mē′ter), Greek; called by the Romans Ceres (sē′rēz)

sat among the flowers, she heard a heavy rumbling sound far across the plain.

Nearer and nearer came the sound. It seemed just beneath the poppy field — just beneath Persephone's feet.

Suddenly the earth opened wide; and behold, a chariot of gold and silver, drawn by six black horses, appeared before the maiden.

In the chariot sat a king. He beckoned to the girl, and leaned forth from the chariot. As he came near, he lifted her from the poppy field, and placed her beside him in the chariot.

Then the driver swung his whip high above the fiery horses' heads. And before Persephone had time to think, away they flew, down, down into the earth — down into the house of King Pluto.

Very sad was Demeter when, at the close of the day, she came to find her daughter.

Pluto (plö'tō)

Where had she wandered? Had anyone seen her through the day? But no answer came; the flowers all were wilted. Even the trees had dropped their leaves, and now the branches stood out bare and cold against the sky.

Poor Demeter! "Some one has stolen my child!" she wept. "My beautiful, beautiful Queen of the Flowers!" Then Demeter grew angry. "Not until she is restored to me will I work again in the harvest fields," she said. "Never will I watch the grain and fruits. Never will I care for the earth people. Never will I care whether there is beauty in the land, or whether there are harvests."

Then Demeter wrapped a great black robe about her, and set forth with a flaming torch to seek her child.

"O Sun God," she cried, "surely thou who seest all that happens upon the earth — surely

thou must know what has happened to my child!"

"Demeter," said the Sun God, "I pity thee for thy great sorrow and gladly would I help thee. This I know: that at mid-day, when my chariot rolled above the fields, the earth opened, and the chariot of Pluto burst forth into the sunlight.

"In the chariot sat the king himself. He it is, Demeter, who hath stolen your child away."

Demeter's sorrow was turned now to burning wrath. "The earth shall grieve long and bitterly," she said, "for this. I will have revenge upon those who allowed this cruel fate to come to my child, Persephone."

Then down from the hill Demeter climbed, her great black robe wrapped close about her. Her face, always so kindly, was now dark and angry.

On, on she wandered, till the sun sank behind the far-off purple hills. By and by she came to a fountain and threw herself upon the green grass to weep.

For one whole year Demeter dwelt beside the fountain. Every day the grasses grew more brown and dry. The trees dropped their leaves, and no signs of fruit or flower were to be seen upon them. The vines lay crackling and dry upon the hillsides, and there was famine in all the land.

"I do not care," Demeter would say. "The people's loss is no greater than my own. Let my child come back to me; then will I care for the children of the earth people."

And now a whole year had gone by. There were no fruits nor grains left in the store-houses of the people. There were no harvests to gather. At last the people met together

and offered great sacrifices. They begged that both Demeter and the child Persephone might be returned to the earth.

Then Zeus sent his messenger, Hermes, down into grim old Pluto's kingdom, to bid him allow Persephone to return.

The old king raged and stormed. His face grew blacker and blacker. The earth rumbled and rocked. The people above trembled and clung close to each other, lest the parched earth should open and swallow them up.

Angrily Pluto obeyed the command of Zeus, for he loved the beautiful Persephone, and had made her queen of his kingdoms. Go she must; but before she passed through the gateway which led to the upper world, the king asked her to eat at least one little pomegranate seed. If she ate that, he knew full well that she must some time return to him.

When Persephone reached the upper air, the sun was sinking behind the hills, and there was a sad, yellow light over all the land.

"Take me," said she, "first of all to my poor mother. Her heart has mourned for me through all these weary moons."

At the fountain, they found Demeter, still wrapped in her black robe, and with her face hidden from sight.

"Mother! Mother!" cried Persephone, "I am here! I am here!"

Poor Demeter sprang to her feet! "Persephone! Persephone! my child, my child!" she cried. And the tears of joy ran down her face as she clasped the little flower queen to her heart.

Then a change began to come over the earth. When, the next morning, the Sun God's chariot rose above the hills, there was

a new softness and sweetness in the air. Already the grasses had grown green, and were pushing their way up through the leafy mold. Birds were singing new songs, and the leaf buds were swelling the branches of the trees.

"The flower queen is coming," the grasses whispered. And the trees and the birds sang, "Yes, yes, the flower queen is coming!"

For six long months there was joy in all the land. Never were the flowers so rich and rare. Never were fruits so sweet, nor grains so plentiful. The people filled their storehouses full to running over. The birds poured forth their song from morn till eve. The squirrels and the rabbits filled their nests, and jumped and ran in the golden fields.

One day, however, there came across the earth a sharp cold wind. But little did the

people, or the squirrels, or the rabbits care; for their houses were now filled with fruit and grain.

But to Demeter it brought grief again. "The time has come, dear mother, when I must return to the under-world again," said Persephone. "With Pluto I left my pledge that in one half year I would come back to him. But do not grieve, dear mother. Pluto is very kind to me. He keeps me warm, and spreads rich food before me each day. And there I rest, and grow strong and beautiful.

"Think, too, how generous King Pluto is to all the earth; for he has promised that each half year I shall return to you to make you glad. For one half year we will work together, making the earth beautiful, and filling the harvests with fruit and grain.

"So now, good-bye, dear mother. I hear the rolling of the chariot wheels; but do not

grieve for me. We shall be together again in six short months. In six short months I shall come again!"

And so it is that every year we have six months of autumn and winter. And so it is that in the spring and summer, Persephone comes back to us, and the earth is gay with fruits and flowers.

IN THE LAND OF SNOW.

THE SEASONS IN THE NORTH.

THE STORY OF BALDUR.

The Norsemen, who lived in the cold north country, had also a story of winter and summer. Their story is as beautiful as the Greek story of Persephone, although it is very different.

This difference between the Greek myth and the Norse myth is probably due to the difference in the climate of the two countries.

In Greece, it is always warm and sunny; never severely cold, even in mid-winter. Therefore the Greek myths had in them always a softness and gentleness like the climate.

In Norseland the climate is very severe. It is a country of ice and snow, and there are always biting winds and stinging frosts. Even

in the summer-time the snows do not wholly melt. Away off on the horizon are always to be seen the snow-capped mountains — the homes of the Frost Giants, as the Norsemen called them.

It was the dear, beautiful Baldur (the Sun God) that brought the summer to Norseland. But how the Frost Giants hated Baldur, and how they fought each year to chain him to the snowy mountain peaks!

They hated the soft air that Baldur brought. They hated the sunshine and the warm rain-drops. They hated the sweet flowers and the fresh, green grass.

Every night they tried to breathe upon the tree buds, and to freeze them through and through. For when the beautiful spring-time came, the Frost Giants knew they must be driven away.

The sunshine which Baldur always brought, melted their snow. It broke the thick roofs of ice with which the shrieking, roaring Frost Giants loved to cover lakes and rivers.

How the Frost Giants bellowed when they heard the people say, "Dear Baldur! We love him; for he keeps away the biting cold of the cruel Frost Giants."

And so it was that the Frost Giants and the gentle Baldur fought always against one another in the spring-time. And when Baldur won, the people rejoiced and sang for joy.

As soon as his step was heard, the brooks began to sing. The grasses and the flowers lifted their heads, and the birds sang, "Baldur has come! Baldur has come!"

Then the Frost Giants would scream and roar. They would rush across the fields like a great wind, and roar through the forests like

wild animals. They would blow down great trees, and hurl the rocks through the air. Sometimes the earth would shake, and big black clouds would shut out the sun.

But Baldur was never frightened. He knew that the spring-time was his. So when the Frost Giants roared and shrieked, he only turned his great shining face toward the earth and waited.

He breathed his soft, warm breath out into the air, and laid his gentle hand upon the fields.

Then the Frost Giants would creep back to their mountains in the North and leave the fields and valleys in peace.

During half of the year Baldur ruled the earth. But during the other half, the wild Frost Giants were allowed to rule.

When their rule commenced a great change came upon the earth. There were no flowers,

and the air grew cold. The fields were covered with deeper snow. The lakes and rivers were hidden beneath the ice. The cold winds blew, and the grains and grasses grew dry and brown. The earth children were often hungry and cold, and they flew to their caves for shelter.

Then how the Frost Giants howled and shrieked. They lashed the waters of the sea till it was white with foam. Even the mountains seemed to rock. Whole forests broke and fell, and the air grew biting cold.

The still snow drifted on every hill and plain. The waters were covered with thick ice. Not a flower was left in all the land.

The Frost Giants were the conquerors now; for the long winter of the north had come.

The people on the earth were very sad and cold and hungry. But the little gnomes who dwelt in the mountains were sadder still.

Gnomes (nōmes)

R. Smith

Their homes, too, were very cold; and it was so dark that the gnomes could hardly see to work.

"Let us go up to Odin," they said, "and ask him to give us just a tiny bit of Baldur's sunshine. It would make our homes light, and it would help to keep us happy and busy till Baldur shall come again."

So the little gnomes went up to Odin's home and told him how dreary their homes were, now that Baldur was gone.

Kind Odin listened to their story and pitied them. Then he gave them a tiny bit of Baldur's sunshine, and the happy little gnomes hurried home with their prize.

They set it in the very middle of the mountain, and it made their home warm and cheerful. For weeks and weeks they kept it there. But one day one of the little gnomes said,

"The people in the earth world are as sad as we are. They, too, grieve over the loss of Baldur. Perhaps we are selfish to keep this bit of sunshine to ourselves. Shall we not take it up into the earth world, and share it with the earth people?"

Then all the little gnomes set to work. All day long they bored and bored, and drilled and drilled up through the mountain, until when night came they had made a little hole away up into the light. As they looked up through the hole, they could see the stars twinkling in the cold and they could hear the cold wind blow.

Then they pushed the sunshine of Baldur up through the mountain and watched to hear what the earth people would say when they saw it. Soon the people came and when they saw it they shouted for joy. "Baldur's sunshine! Baldur's sunshine!" they cried.

"Baldur has come again! Baldur has come again!"

Then all the earth rejoiced; for the sunshine soon spread over the whole mountain side. It crept down across the fields, and made the air grow soft and warm again.

And from that time to this, when Baldur's sunshine comes, the warm spring comes. Then the Frost Giants go howling and shrieking and roaring back to their homes in the snow covered mountains.

THE COMING OF THE WINDS.

THE STORY OF HERMES.

The blowing of the wind was a great mystery to these early people. They could feel it and they could hear it; but they could never see it. They wondered where it came from, and when it passed they wondered where it went.

They noticed that sometimes it was soft and gentle and loving. Sometimes it was hard and cruel.

These Greek people built up many wind myths, and here is one of them:—

One morning, so the Greek myth tells us, when the sun looked down upon the valleys, it saw a great cave by the sea. In the cave lay a beautiful new-born child — Hermes.

Hermes (her′mēz), Greek; called by the Romans Mercury (mer′kū-ri)

So quiet was its sleep that one would never have dreamed of the power that lay within its baby hand. But the Sun God knew; and he sent his brightest rays into the dark cave to rouse the child from its sleep.

The child felt the warmth upon its little body, and turned and yawned and stretched itself. It opened its eyes and laughed aloud, to see the sunbeams dancing along the floor of the cave.

Then the child crept to the door of the cave, and looked out upon the dancing waters. At the entrance of the cave lay a speckled tortoise shell.

"Come here, little shell," said the child. And, reaching forth his hand, he drew it into the cave.

"Poor tortoise," said Hermes, "see what I will do for thee! No tortoise ever before

was honored as thou shalt be. I will stretch cords across this hollow shell and upon them will I make sweet music. Sometimes it shall be low and soft and sweet, and shall lull the people to rest. And then again it shall be so loud and high and shrill, that the people shall tremble."

All day long Hermes worked upon his shell. First he drilled lines of holes along the edges. Then he stretched cords from side to side. There were seven cords, and each cord was finer than the one below it. Then he made a bow. He struck the bow upon the cords, and behold, sweet music sounded forth upon the air.

The waves crept close to the cave to listen. The trees rustled, and the tiny waves clapped their hands. The grasses waved with delight. The flowers forgot to close their eyes the whole night long, so glad were they to hear the music.

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Then Hermes went to the door of his cave to welcome the rising sun. Like a merry child he sang of the fields and of the forests; of the birds and the bees; of the trees and the flowers.

The Sun God listened and smiled to see the little god so gay and happy. But Hermes had no wish to dwell in the great dark cave. He was already tired of singing to the waters and waiting for the coming of the Sun God.

And so, when darkness had fallen once more upon the earth, he went forth from his cave.

First he came to the shadowy hills, where the cattle of Apollo grazed and slept the whole year long.

"Ah, here are the cattle of Apollo!" laughed Hermes to himself. His eyes sparkled and his little fat sides shook with mirth. "We will have a frolic," he said. And so, pucker-

ing up his mouth, he blew and blew, until a great wind seemed to fill the air. The cattle were frightened. They put their heads down, and ran before it as if pursued by evil spirits.

"Whirl, sands, whirl!" shouted Hermes. "Whirl so that the tracks of these cattle may be lost in the drift. Whirl, whirl, whirl!

"And you, O trees, send down your leaves and branches. With them will I make great sandals to cover my own footsteps in the sand."

First there was a great crackling among the boughs. Then came a mighty rush of wind. The sand lifted itself a mile in air and down came great branches from the trees.

Hermes screamed in glee. Louder and louder blew the gale, and the sand circled round and round. It rose in great clouds far above the plain, and then fell like a gentle shower of rain. Hermes, meantime, had

fastened the boughs to his baby feet, and was hurrying along, driving the frightened cattle before him.

Hermes met one yeoman on the way. To him he shouted, "Good friend, thine will be a fine harvest, provided no harm comes to thy vines."

The old man stared after the child and wondered. All about him lay his vines. They were uprooted by a strange power which he had never seen before. It moved unseen across the fields and down the roads.

Onward, onward, over the hills, across the plains, the child Hermes flew.

The moon looked down in wonder upon the scene, and the little clouds hurried and scurried across the sky.

Hermes swept along over the rocks and stones, making them grind and grate upon

each other. Suddenly there seemed to shoot forth from the stones a spark of Apollo's light. Then there was a flash. Then a tiny smoke arose. The boughs had caught fire.

Catching up the smouldering boughs, Hermes fanned them quickly into a blaze. It was a blaze so red that even the Sun God looked down in jealous fear. Never was fire made on earth before, nor did the people then dream what uses they might some time make of it.

But now the moon was sinking in the west, and the frolicsome Hermes knew that Apollo would soon lift his chariot above the eastern hills.

"It will be best for me," he laughed, "to be asleep in my own cradle in the cave, when great Apollo comes."

So away he flew across the desert to his

home. He crept into the cave, and nestled down into his cradle. When Apollo came Hermes looked like a sweet and innocent baby.

But the mother of Hermes was not to be deceived. "Away with you, rogue," she said. "What mischief have you brought upon the earth this night? Do you not know that Apollo will be angry with you? He will slay you with his arrows, even as the children of Niobe were slain."

"Now, mother, why scold me as if I were but a mere earth child?" answered Hermes sleepily. "I have not harmed the earth children. Do you think I shall be content to dwell forever in this dark cave? But hark! Apollo is coming!" Then the child curled down in his cradle. He half hid in the soft leaves, so that Apollo should not see his laughing face.

Already Apollo had missed his cattle, and had searched the country for them. One old man whom he had met, told him of the strange night that had passed. He told him, too, of the little child whom he had seen driving the cattle onward.

"But which way did they go?" asked Apollo. "I can find no tracks in the sand. Indeed the sand lies in whirls. Did a panic seize upon the cattle? And did they run, forward and back, and around and around?"

"It was a strange power," said the old man. "It drove the sands of the desert up into the air, and they fell again like rain upon the earth. The trees bent before it, the boughs creaked, and the branches fell."

"And, in the midst of all this, a child drove the cattle onward?" Apollo asked.

"It was indeed a child," the old man said.

"But where are the child's foot-marks?" the Sun God asked again.

"The strange child's feet were bound with great leafy branches," said the old man. "That is why there are no foot-tracks."

Apollo now knew well enough who had done this harm to the country round about. He knew who had stolen the cattle of the gods.

So away to the cave of Hermes he hastened. "Mischievous child," he roared, as he entered the cave. "Come forth and tell me where are my cattle? Tell me, or thou shalt be heavily punished for this night's work."

"Apollo, why wilt thou enter my cave and trouble a little child who was born only yesterday?" asked Hermes, sleepily.

"Callest thyself a child?" cried Apollo, and a great frown came across his face.

"Turn thy shining face away," answered

the child. "It blinds me when I am just awakening from a long night's sleep. And why worry me about cattle?"

"Come with me," said Apollo; I will take thee to Zeus who will bid thee tell the truth." And Apollo strode towards the cradle to seize the child.

But Hermes was like Apollo himself for speed. Like a flash of light he leaped from his cradle and sped through a cleft in the rock. Before Apollo could gather his wits, Hermes was half way across the plain, speeding upward towards Mt. Olympus.

Apollo followed in quick pursuit, and together they appeared before the throne of Zeus.

"Well, great Apollo," said Zeus, "whence came this little day-old child?"

"Father Zeus," said Apollo, his eyes flashing fire, "this is a strange day-old child. In a cave

I found him after a weary search. He is a thief and a mischief maker. I had gone to rest behind the western hills, when this child sprang from his cradle and stole fifty of my choicest cattle. These he drove across the country, even down to the sounding sea. There were no footprints even, by which to trace them. And had not an old man told me what had happened, I might never have traced the thief."

But while Apollo was speaking, Hermes stood with twinkling eyes. He held his sides, and writhed and wriggled until Zeus himself could not help laughing.

When Apollo finished, Hermes came and stood before the throne of Zeus. His eyes were still twinkling, and he said, "O Father Zeus, this is indeed a sad, sad story to tell of a little day-old child. But let me tell the story

as it is; for I am a very truthful child and have not learned yet the art by which to deceive. This morning as I lay asleep in the dark cave, this fair-haired Apollo burst in upon me and accused me of all that he has told you here."

And as he spoke, the child drew himself up very straight, and looked into the face of Apollo with a sweet, roguish smile.

Zeus could not help smiling as he looked upon Hermes. Even Apollo himself looked kindly down upon the little child, although he knew that he was a mischief-brewer.

Zeus knew that every word Apollo had spoken was true. Yet he could not punish Hermes. Instead, he smiled upon him, saying, "O Hermes, Hermes! I fear that little good will come to the earth people through thee."

Then, turning to Apollo, the Father Zeus said, "Be friends with this tiny child. He is

indeed thy brother. He has not thy spirit of love and help towards the earth people, yet he has no evil in his heart. Watch him, Apollo, and see that his pranks do not make too much trouble either on land or sea."

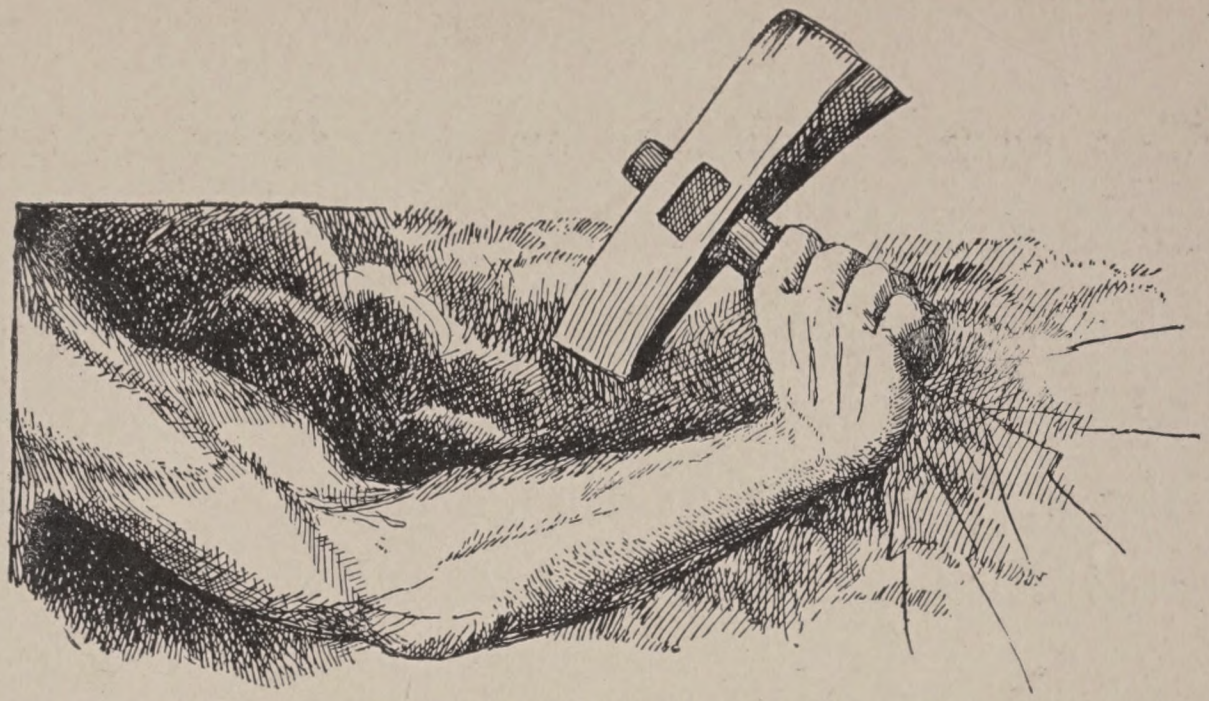
Then Hermes raised his tortoise shell and made sweet music upon it. And the music was the softest and sweetest that Zeus had ever heard.

Then Hermes sang. And his voice was so sweet that the stern face of Apollo softened, and love for the little mischief-elf stirred his heart.

Down upon the earth the leaves and the grasses heard the music. Men stopped their work to listen to the soft sound; and they rejoiced to feel the cool breeze upon their faces.

And to this day the people of the earth still love the mischief-making Hermes. Some-

times he delights in storm and sleet and rain, and lifts his voice high above the storm. Sometimes he shrieks and groans among the trees, and tears them from their resting places. Sometimes he rages over sea and land, and is pitiless towards the ships. But sometimes he draws his bow gently across the strings. Then the sweet music sounds through the northern pines. The leaves and grasses rustle softly and the earth people forget his harsh and cruel pranks. "Listen to the summer breezes," they say. "How soft they are, and how sweet."



THE THUNDER AND THE LIGHTNING.

THE NORSE STORY OF THOR.*

The Norse people, too, had a story of the winds and storms. But the story is very different from this Greek tale which we have just read.

It is fierce and harsh and rugged. It is full of roar and rumble. The thunder rolls and the lightning flashes. This is because to the Norsemen, in their cold northern homes, the winds most often meant danger and death.

*Thursday is derived from Thorsday.

They were full of the cruelty of the Frost Giants and of Thor, the God of Thunder.

Now, Thor was the brother of Baldur, and he often protected Baldur from the Frost Giants. Because of this, the Frost Giants hated Thor, and there was always war between them.

Thor, however, had a magic hammer. And when he was angry with the Frost Giants, he would send this hammer crashing through the heavens.

The Frost Giants hated Thor. They hated him because with his magic hammer he could bring forth the lightning and the thunder. And the lightning and the thunder always sent refreshing showers down upon the earth.

When the angry Frost Giants saw the little flowers drink in the sparkling drops, they roared with anger.

They bellowed to each other across the great valleys and said, "Let us revenge ourselves upon this insolent Thor."

"We can do nothing so long as he holds the magic hammer," growled one.

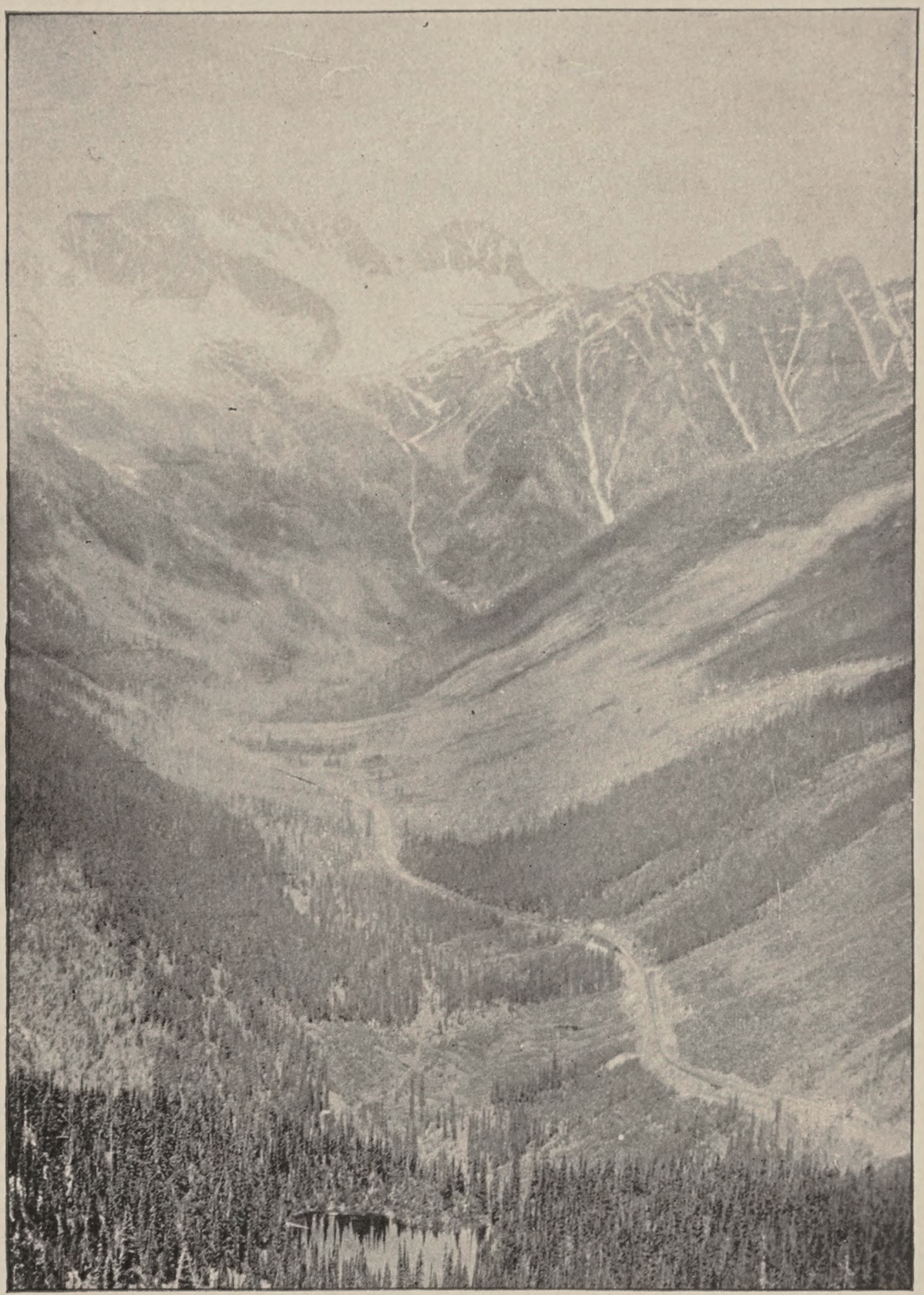
"Let us steal the hammer from him," shouted another.

"Yes, steal the hammer! Steal the hammer!" shouted all the giants. And the very skies echoed with the words.

"And I will steal it," bellowed Thrym, the strongest and greatest giant of them all. "I will go at once to the city of Asgard. The gods are asleep. With my great eye I can even now see the hammer lying beside the sleeping Thor."

And so, turning himself into a great bird, Thrym spread his wings and flew across the sky to Asgard. The gods shivered in their

Thrym (trim)



AMONG THE FROST GIANTS.

sleep as he entered, but they did not know what had chilled them.

In the morning there was a heavy frost upon the gateways and there was a chill in the air. This was because Thrym, the Frost Giant, had crept even into the hall in which the mighty Thor was sleeping. He had crept close up to the mighty god—and the magic hammer was gone!

"My hammer! My hammer!" thundered Thor, when he awoke and found it gone.

"What a crash of thunder!" cried the earth people; but they did not know it was a cry of rage from Thor.

"Loki," thundered Thor again, go to the home of the Frost Giants and bring back my hammer. Some one has stolen it!"

Loki put on his magic wings and fled away.

"What brings you here?" growled Thrym, as Loki alighted before him.

"I have come for the hammer you have stolen from Thor," answered Loki boldly.

"You will never find it," sneered Thrym. "It is well hidden; but I will send it back to you if Odin will send Freya to live in my ice castle."

Loki begged and coaxed and threatened; but it was all of no avail. "Never," roared Thrym, "until you send Freya to me."

Now Freya was the goddess of the harvest, and the Frost Giants hated her almost as much as they hated Baldur. Often they had tried to steal her away, but Thor always protected her with his hammer of magic.

Loki hurried back to Asgard and told Thor what Thrym had said. How Thor laughed!

"I will go," said Thor at last. "Bring me a dress. Hang a necklace around my neck.

Freya (frī'ä)

Bind a veil about my head. The giants are as stupid as they are large; and I will set forth in the name of Freya to meet the giant, Thrym."

Thor was quickly dressed, and he set forth across the sky in the chariot of the Sun God. How the thunder rolled! How the lightnings flashed from the angry eyes of Thor! How he grumbled and rumbled!

But, by and by, the home of the Frost Giants was reached.

"Freya has come! Freya has come!" bellowed Thrym. "Come, come, everyone! Let us feast! Come, come to the feast of Thrym and Freya!"

The giants in all the mountains round about heard the call of Thrym, and soon the huge castle was filled with the guests. A great feast was held. But through it all Thor sat

silent and motionless. Indeed, he dared not move. He dared not speak lest the thunder burst forth from his lips, or the lightning shoot forth from his eyes.

"Now lift the veil from Freya's face," bellowed Thrym. "Let me see the eyes of Freya."

"Not yet," said Loki, coming forward; "Freya's veil must not be lifted until the hammer is placed in her hand."

"Bring in the hammer! Bring in the hammer!" roared Thrym, full of loud, good humor.

The hammer was brought and Thor seized upon it with his mighty hand. Then his thunder began to rumble. There was a dangerous light in his eyes, but Thrym and the guests did not see it Then Thor sprang from his seat with a rumble and a roar that shook the mountains.

He poured his lightnings upon the Giants, one and all. Right and left he swung the mighty hammer, till the giants quaked and trembled with terror. Thrym himself ran and hid behind a mountain, for the air was white with lightning. The hills rang with the crashing of the thunder. The seas lashed and foamed. The very mountains shook and trembled.

And now Thor called to the chariot of the Sun God, and into it he and Loki leaped.

In this chariot they sped back to the city of the gods, and never again did the Frost Giants try to steal the magic hammer of the mighty Thor.

R. Smith

STORMS AT SEA.

THE STORY OF ÆOLUS, NEPTUNE, AND ULYSSES.

The country of Greece was almost wholly surrounded by the sea. For this reason, the Greeks were very familiar with the coming and going of ocean storms.

They saw that the tides rise and fall. They saw the waters froth and foam. Surely then,

Æolus (ē′ō-lus)

Neptune (nep′tūn), Roman; called by the Greeks Poseidon (pō-sī′don)

Ulysses (ū-lis′ēz), Roman; called by the Greeks Odysseus (ō-dis′ūs)

there must be a sea god somewhere beneath the waters.

So here is a story of old Neptune, the god who ruled the waters of the great ocean:—

In a coral cave, far down below the waters of the sea, lived Neptune, the Sea God. To Neptune was given all power over the waters. He could command them to be quiet and gentle, or he could lash them into wicked, frothing waves.

Sometimes Æolus, the Wind Keeper, and Neptune, the Sea God, would work together and make a terrible storm.

Sometimes Neptune would command Æolus to call his winds home and keep them imprisoned in their cave. Sometimes Æolus would refuse to send out the winds to assist Neptune in his storm making.

Now, once upon a time, there was a great war between the Greeks and the Trojans.

In this war the gods themselves took part. Some of them fought on one side, some on the other.

Vulcan, who was the god of fire, was very busy making strong armor for the terrible battle that was sure to take place. His work-shop was beneath the earth and the volcanoes were his forges. How the volcanoes puffed and blazed in these days before the war. Often the sky at night was red with the reflection of the flames that shot forth.

"Vulcan is at work," the Greeks would say when they saw the light from the volcanoes.

In this war, the Greeks were victorious, and Ulysses, one of the greatest of Greek heroes, set sail for home. A long, long voyage lay before him, but Ulysses was brave and his ships were strong. "If Neptune will be friendly to us," said Ulysses, "we shall reach home in safety."

But Neptune was not friendly. Hardly had the ships started when the Sea God sent out a terrible storm. The winds blew, the waves rose high, and the little fleet was driven hither and thither. It drifted close upon the rocky shores of an island where a huge giant tended his flocks. This giant watched with his one great eye for any ships that might come too near his shore.

When the sun rose, Ulysses saw on the shore before him a great black cave. Tall trees stood before it. Over it clustered heavy vines. And near by large flocks of sheep lay sleeping on the hillsides.

"These are goodly sheep," said the crew. "Let us rest here and feast ourselves." So they went on shore.

As they looked, behold, a dark mountain seemed to raise itself, black against the sky.

Terrified, the crew stood trembling upon the shore. Then a great roar filled the air; the mountain shook itself, and there stood the terrible one-eyed giant.

He meant to slay the men; but they escaped and fled to their ships. Never was there so narrow an escape from cruel death.

Again for days the little ship sailed bravely on. The sky was now fair, and the winds were favorable. Old Neptune seemed to have forgotten his cruel designs upon Ulysses and his weary crew.

But Neptune had not forgotten; and, by and by, he guided the ships to a great island of rock.

"Who dwells upon this island?" shouted Ulysses, as he drew near.

And a voice answered, "Æolus, the Keeper of the Winds, dwells here. With me are my six strong sons and my six strong daughters.

Bring thy vessel close upon my shores, and come and dwell with me; for I welcome all strangers to my island."

Very glad were Ulysses and his men to hear this welcome, and straightway the vessel was driven ashore.

For four long weeks the men rested on the island, and were feasted by King Æolus. But at the end of the fourth week, Ulysses bade farewell to his kind host, and the little crew set forth upon the sea.

King Æolus loaded the little vessel with many gifts. But rarest of them all was the gift of a bag of winds. Æolus knew that his guests longed for clear weather and fair sailing. Therefore he had fastened into a great bag, tied with a strong silver cord, all the winds except the soft west wind. This bag he had given into the keeping of Ulysses.

"Guard well this bag until you are safe on shore," he said to Ulysses; "for in it I have imprisoned the cruel winds. The kind west wind alone shall guide you toward your home."

Ulysses prized this gift highly and allowed no one of the crew to come near it. The promise of Æolus proved true. So true that, at the end of nine days only, the shores of Greece lay full in sight.

"Now," sighed Ulysses, "our troubles are at an end. The rising of to-morrow's sun shall see our little vessel lying in our harbor."

But alas for Ulysses' hopes! Not yet were the wishes of Neptune fulfilled. Not yet was the time come when Ulysses might rest in the peace and quiet of his home. So Neptune whispered jealousy and suspicion into the hearts of the companions of Ulysses.

"Who is Ulysses," they said, "that he

should hold a secret in which we have no part? How are we to know what lies concealed in the great bag with the silver string? Let us open it and learn for ourselves. Surely we have shared his perils, and we have a right to share his treasures."

And so, while Ulysses slept, the men crept towards the bag and unfastened the silver cord. When, lo! the imprisoned winds rushed forth like hissing serpents.

They shrieked and howled among the sails. They lashed the water till it was white with foam. The great black clouds rose on every side, and there was a terrible storm upon the sea.

The ship was driven far out to sea and upon foreign shores, and again Ulysses passed through great dangers.

"Shall we never reach home?" said the men.

"Never!" roared Neptune. But at last Zeus took pity upon Ulysses and his men and commanded Neptune to let the ship sail on in peace.

Even Neptune was forced to obey, for Zeus was the greatest among all the gods. And so, after great sufferings, Ulysses reached his home in safety and was welcomed by his people as a great hero.

This is the story the Greek people used to tell to their children whenever there was a great storm upon the sea. And often the children would look out across the waters hoping to catch a glimpse of the fierce old Sea God.

THE QUEEN OF NIGHT.

THE STORY OF DIANA, ENDYMION, AND ACTÆON.

Nothing was more pure, so the Greek shepherds thought, than the white moon and the soft light it shed. The story of Diana and Endymion was one of the most beautiful myths that the Greek people told to their children.

One beautiful summer evening, Apollo's sun chariot was sinking behind the red and purple clouds of the western sky. Over all the earth a soft light lay, and the hills were rosy in the sunset.

On the hilltop stood Diana, the Goddess

Diana (dī-an′ä), Roman; called by the Greeks Artemis (är′tē-mis)
Endymion (en-dim′i-on) Actæon (ak-tē′on)

of the Moon. And from her high place she looked down upon the plain and far out upon the sea.

The whole earth was very beautiful as it lay at the feet of the Goddess of the Moon.

In the valley sparkled a little lake of pure, still water. Beside the lake stood a temple of whitest marble, with steps which shone in the light of the setting sun. On the marble steps lay a youth. He was more beautiful, so the Goddess of the Moon thought, than hill, or lake, or river, or sea.

This youth was Endymion. and he loved to dwell in this quiet valley. No cold winds could enter there, and cruel storms never gathered.

There upon the pure, white marble, Endymion lay, watching the clouds in the sky above.

The Moon waited until Apollo had sunk

behind the hills. Then, bending over the youth, the white queen said, "O Endymion! beautiful youth, come away with me. Gladly would I dwell in this quiet valley by thy side; but I am Queen of Night. I must wander night after night across the sky even as the Sun God wanders across the sky by day.

"Come then, Endymion, and wander with me. The earth is large; and thou dost not dream how beautiful it is outside thine own peaceful valley. Come with me and I will show thee valleys that are even more beautiful, and waters that are more radiant, sparkling in the sunset glory."

But Endymion turned his eyes away and murmured softly, "No, no, O thou beautiful, white Queen of Night! Thou canst not stay in my peaceful valley; neither can I wander

in the heavens. Zeus commands us both; we must obey."

Already the sunset glory was fading. Darkness was creeping over the land, and the sky called to the Goddess of the Moon to spread her soft white light over the sleeping earth.

"I must leave thee now, Endymion," whispered the Goddess of the Moon. "Alas, thou wilt not come with me — I cannot dwell with thee."

Then the Goddess of the Moon stooped and kissed the fair face of the beautiful youth and his eyes closed in sweet slumber. For she had caused a deep sleep to fall upon him — a sleep in which he dreamed bright dreams of the Goddess of the Moon.

All night long Endymion slept — all night and all the day that followed. A spell had fallen upon the valley, and even the breezes

played more gently among the trees and flowers. There was no ripple on the lake. The birds forgot to sing; and even the dragon-flies hummed sleepily through the summer air.

And so Endymion has slept on from that day to this. And every night the Goddess of the Moon pauses upon the hilltop and looks down upon the fair youth, who sleeps forever upon the marble steps beside the silent lake.

But sometimes Diana, the Goddess of the Moon, could be cruel, as the following story of Actæon shows:—

Actæon, a great hunter, once said to his brothers, "Come, the morning is fresh and fair. Let us away to the hunt; for on a morning like this the deer will come forth to drink from the clear waters of brook and river. Away, then, let us away."

Gladly the youths obeyed the call of their brother; and, gathering their bows and arrows, away they hurried across the plain.

But alas for the joyous youths! As they ran through the forest, they came upon the beautiful Diana. She stood with her maidens beside the secret fountain that poured its silver waters forth from a great, dark rock.

"O beautiful Diana!" cried Actæon, coming towards the fountain. But it was not the wish of the goddess that Actæon should know where she dwelt. She was angry that he should learn where she concealed her moonlight glory through the long days and nights, when she chose to hide herself from the sight of the earth children.

A flash of angry light came into her eyes and she raised her white arm as if to smite Actæon to the ground. "Go away," she said;

"go, but dare not tell that thou hast found the cave wherein Diana dwells!"

Actæon was grieved that he should have aroused the anger of the goddess, for he had great love and admiration for her. He bowed his head; but as he did so, behold, great horns, like those of a stag, were branching far above his head. And as he gazed at his reflection in the waters, behold, his ears grew large and long. His face changed, and coarse brown hairs covered him from head to foot. He was changed into a deer.

With a moan he turned and fled into the forest. What should he do? How should he make known to his comrades the change that had come over him?

But already the clicking of his hoofs had caught the quick ear of his own hunting dogs. With a yelp the dogs started, raised their ears

and sniffed. Then with a bound they sprang forward.

Actæon heard the dogs coming. Already he could see their red tongues hanging from their frothing mouths.

With a spring the youth bounded through the forest. If he could only reach his comrades perhaps he could make them understand.

But no; the shouts of the huntsmen were added to the yelping and barking of the dogs.

"On, on!" they shouted.

And the dogs, excited by the shouts and cries, ran faster and faster. Over hills, through valleys, on — on across the fields they flew — Actæon and the huntsmen and the dogs.

And now they were upon him. Worn out with the long chase, the poor youth fell to the ground, and the film of death gathered over his beautiful brown eyes. His compan-

ions knelt beside him, praising the dogs for their speed and bravery.

But Actæon now knew nothing of the swiftness of the dogs he had loved and had trained so carefully. Already his heart had ceased to beat, for he was dead. And so it was that the secret of the cave and the sparkling fountain was never discovered to the earth people who dwelt in Diana's moonlit valleys.

THE STARS.

THE STORY OF THE SEA NYMPH AND OF HERCULES.

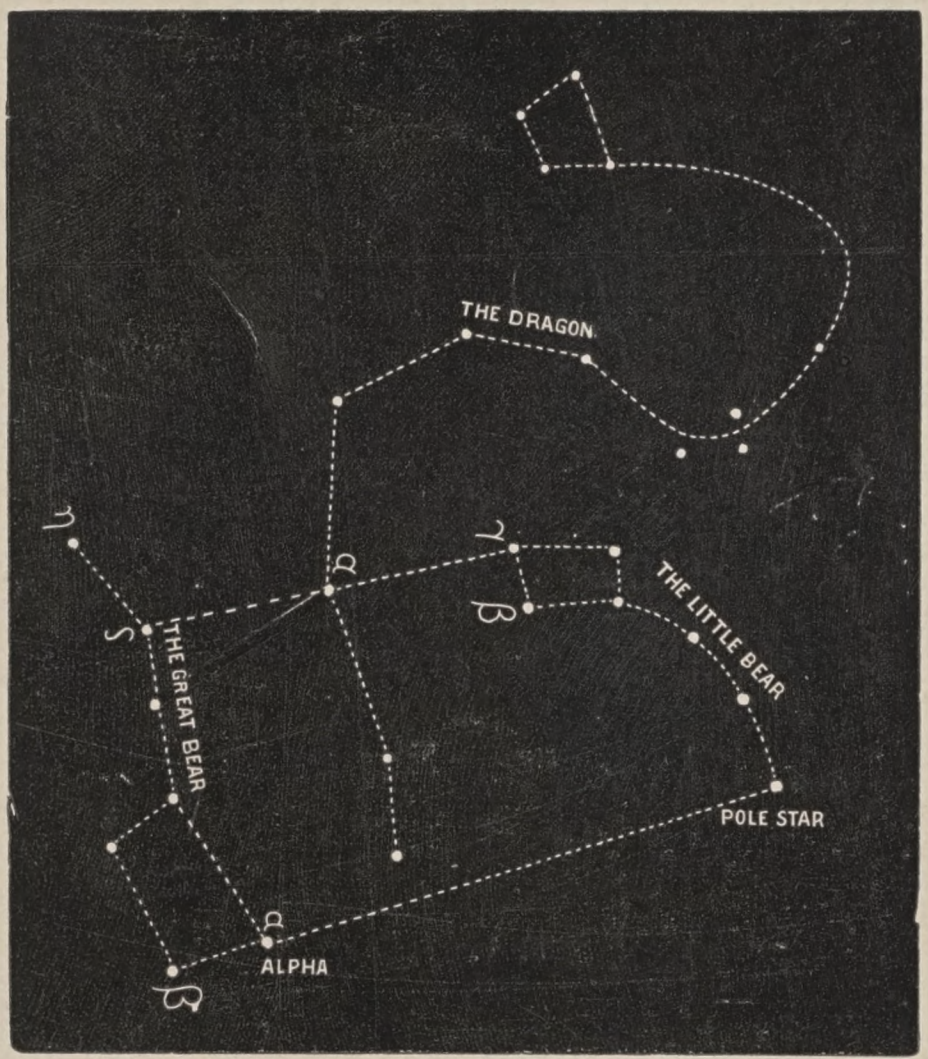
Now, in this beautiful, warm country of Southern Europe many of the shepherds lay upon the hillsides all night long, watching their flocks.

Is it any wonder then that, as they looked up at the beautiful stars, they imagined that they saw pictures in the sky? And when they saw the pictures, is it any wonder that they began to build stories about them?

For example, near the North Star you will find a group of stars which they imagined were arranged in the form of a little bear. Below this little bear is another group of stars arranged in the form of a great bear.

Hercules (her′kū-lēz), Roman; called by the Greeks Heracles (her′a-klēz).

This story of the two bears will give you an idea of the wonderful tales these early people could tell, and of the way they fitted their stories to the star pictures.



One night, as some shepherds were watching the sky, one of them said, "I see two bears in the sky!"

"It must be the beautiful Sea Nymph and her son!" said another.

"What sea nymph, my father?" asked a little shepherd boy. Then the shepherd told this story to the little boy:

"Once, long, long ago, Jupiter fell in love with a beautiful sea nymph. He begged old Neptune to allow her to be carried up to his home on Mt. Olympus, but the Goddess Juno grew jealous of her, and made terrible threats.

"Jupiter, fearing Juno might harm the beautiful sea nymph, changed her and her little son into bears and sent them into the deep woods so Juno could not find them, but she learned what Jupiter had done, and was determined to be revenged. Therefore she went to a certain goddess who was a mighty hunter, and asked her to find and shoot the

Juno (jō′nō), Roman; called by the Greeks Hera (hē′rä)

YOUNG HERCULES.

bears. The hunter obeyed and the poor bears were killed.

"Jupiter was angry indeed, but all he could do was to honor the poor sea nymph and her son by placing them in the sky."

Winding in and out between the bear stars are some stars arranged like those in the picture. These stars are supposed to form the dragon which was once slain by the great Hercules.

Now, when Hercules was a mere babe, and lay in his cradle by the sounding sea, there came up out of the deep waters two terrible serpents. They were cruel, venomous serpents, and the poison of death was in their fangs.

Swiftly and noiselessly they glided towards the cradle where the child slept. Up the sides of the cradle and over the top they crept.

But lo! the child raised himself from his pillow, stretched out his baby arms, and strangled the great slimy creatures.

"Was there ever so wonderful a child?" said the people. "Surely he is born to do wonderful things."

And indeed, this was true, for Hercules came to be one of the greatest of all Greek heroes. Little children in the ages after were taught to admire this great hero, and to try to be like him in heart and mind and courage.

Now it happened that, as he grew up, he dwelt with a jealous cousin, who was king of the country. This king spared no pains to make the brave youth's life unhappy. He wished to slay Hercules. So he sent him on twelve dangerous journeys, which were afterward known as the Twelve Labors of Hercules.

His greatest and most wonderful journey

was to the land where the golden apples of Juno grew.

Now, many brave youths had gone in search of these golden apples, but the tree was guarded by a dragon so fierce that no one had ever dared to go near it.

"I will find this tree," said Hercules, "and I will kill this dragon and bring back the apples."

"Many brave youths have said that," thought the people; "but the dragon is very terrible to look upon."

"I'm not afraid," laughed Hercules.

Up and down mountains Hercules travelled, over hills and plains, and across great rivers. At last he reached the land beyond the setting sun.

"Where is the tree that bears the golden apples?" cried Hercules, seeing a great giant afar off.

"Come across the sea, and I will tell you," shouted the giant.

"I am coming," shouted Hercules; and with two or three great strides he crossed the water.

"What is this great, round ball you carry on your back?" asked Hercules, as he came near.

"This great, round ball is the earth," answered the giant.

"Then you must be the giant, Atlas," cried Hercules.

"That is my name," said the giant.

"I have heard of you," answered Hercules, "and I am glad to see you. There are many wonderful stories told of you in my country, and I have often wished I might see you."

"Who are you, pray?" asked Atlas, shifting the earth over upon his other shoulder that he might look at his bold guest more easily.

"I? I am Hercules!" shouted our hero.

"Hercules! Hercules! Are you the Hercules who was so strong even when a baby?" cried Atlas. "Are you the Hercules who has performed the great labors? Indeed, young man, your fame has reached me even in this far-off land. But, brave as you are, you will never find the golden apples."

"Why not?" asked Hercules.

"Because," answered Atlas, "no one can enter that garden but me. If you will take this great ball upon your shoulders, however, I will go and get the apples for you. Indeed I shall be very glad of a little rest and change."

So Hercules took the earth upon his shoulders, and away Atlas ran towards the far-off garden. How heavy the earth grew! And how it rolled back and forth from one shoulder to the other!"

"O dear! O dear!" cried the people on the earth. "How the earth rocks and rolls! There must be a terrible earthquake!"

Soon Atlas returned, bearing in his hand three golden apples. "Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed. "How do you like to carry the earth?"

"Come and take it," groaned Hercules.

"Oh, no," laughed Atlas, "I am not coming. Good-bye!" and away he ran up the hill-side.

"Come back! shouted Hercules. "At least you might help me to put my lion skin across my shoulder so that the earth shall rest upon it more comfortably."

"Oh, yes, I am willing to do that," shouted Atlas, coming towards Hercules.

Now Atlas was not very wise, and as he came near, Hercules rolled the earth back on to his shoulders. Then he seized the golden apples and flew away.

"Such dreadful earthquakes as there have been," said the people to Hercules when he reached his home again. Whole cities were laid flat. But Hercules showed the golden apples and the people forgot all about their troubles.

So passed the life of the great Greek hero. And when at length the time came for him to die, Jupiter came down from Olympus with his golden chariot of winged horses. He wrapped Hercules in a shining cloud, and bore him to the home of the gods.

There in the skies you can see him now; and not far from him the Great Dragon which he overcame.

VOCABULARY.

Greek	*Roman*
Artemis (är′tē-mis)	Diana (dī-an ä)
Athene (a-thē′nē)	Minerva (mi-ner′vä)
Demeter (de-mē′ter)	Ceres (sē′rēz)
Hera (hē′rä)	Juno (jö′nō)
Heracles (her′a-klēz)	Hercules (her′kū-lēz)
Hermes (her′mēz)	Mercury (mer′kū-ri)
Leto (lē′tō)	Latona (lā-tō′nä)
Odysseus (ō-dis′ūs)	Ulysses (ū-lis′ēz)
Perserphone (per-sef′ō-nē)	Proserpine (pros′er-pin)
Poseidon (pō-sī′don)	Neptune (nep′tūn)
Zeus (zūs)	Jupiter (jö′pit-er)

Actæon (ak-tē′on)
Æolus (ē′ō-lus)
Apollo (a-pol′ō)
Delos (de′los)
Deucalion (dū-kā′li-on)
Endymion (en-dim′i-on)
Epimetheus (ep-i-mē′thūs)
Iris (i′ris)
Niobe (nī′ō-bē)
Pandora (pan-dō′rä)
Phaethon (fā′e-thon)
Pluto (plö′tō)
Prometheus (prō-mē′thūs)
Pyrrha (pir-ä)

Norse.

Asgard (as′gärd)
Baldur (bâl′dör)
Embla (em′blä)
Freya (frī′ä)
Gnomes (nōmes)
Loki (lō′kē)
Odin (ō′din)
Thrym (trim)

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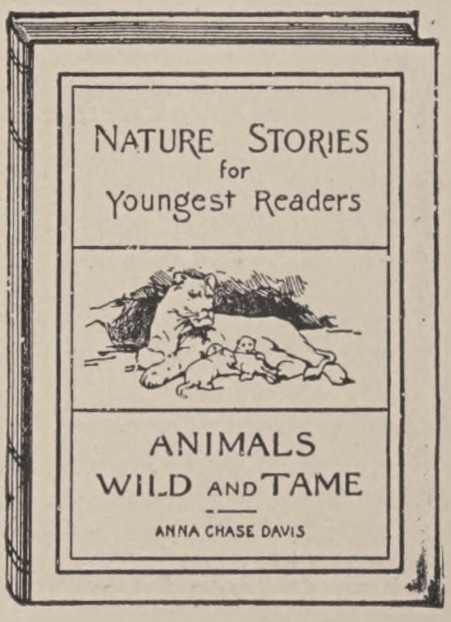

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